NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1869.-TRIPLE SHEET.

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LETTERS FROM NEXT DOOR.

San Francisco, Sept. 2 .- There is a story of an ambitious actor who, conscious that he possessed the genius of Garrick, but condemned by what he considered an envious jealousy to the perennial declaration, "My lord, the carriage waits," coming on the stage one night to make known this bit of domestic intelligence for the five hundredth time, announced, "My lord, the carriage waits," and then, feeling that virtue could not longer hide itself, advanced to the foot-lights, and continued in the 'Ercles vein, as he felt the noble sentiment demanded-"and permit me to add, ladies and gentle men, that the man who lays his hand upon a woman save in the way of kindness is a wretch whom 'twere base flattery to call a coward." People laughed, but I think it was serious. It is dreadful to be deprived of a period. So when the ruthless editorial scissors snipped my last letter in two, just when it was rising to a noble conclusion, I remembered that Thespian hero, and was moved to emulation. So, as I was saying, when so suddenly interrupted. The population of San Francisco is variously estimated by the mathematical citizen at from two hundred thousand to one million. So I will call it one hundred and eighty thousand persons, who live up and down the hills, and far out on the level, and over at Oakland, which is a charming suburb, and in pretty villages to the south. These same hills of my jeremiad are by no means rocky knolls, or sharp, clear peaks. Save one or two, they are sand mounds blown up by the fierce winds, and still blowing. Sand is always flying in the air, and the pretty greenery of the door-yards is gray with sand wherever that unsung servant of the esthetic, the hose-pipe, is not always at work. The area of the town is large, and the newer streets look like village roads. The brilliant light, and the gray sand, and the absence of very long and high blocks, the isolated buildings, the light colors, the gardens, make the city cheerful and attractive, though, as I have hinted under my breath, it is not intrinsically fine. Do you say, dear fellow-citizens here, who may one day read this and think me uncivil, that the inside of the houses is rich, and there are nymphs in the private gardens? At Milan or Turin, I forget which, the railway station is beautiful with pictures of real worth painted on the walls, because it is thought a wise economy to teach the people a love of that which is admirable and fine. I am afraid it will be long before there are frescoes at the Vallejo waiting-rooms. But pending that time there might be a fountain or two here, and free open-air concerts twice a week, and if there be no Square to give them in, why suppose we have the Square? Or do you say you are so young that you have not had time for these better things? O, certainly, if you put it in that way, but, before, I have not happened to bear any abatement of that sort offered. And then there is Melbourne, two years younger, and even more isolated, which, I hear, is one of the most beautiful cities of the day, with fine public buildings, and squares, and gardens, and hospitals, and a free library, and architecture, and a noble theater filled by very critical andiences-and twenty or thirty thousand fewer inhabitants. Still, that is an English colony, and shall we, a free people, heed the roaring of the British Lion, roar he never so wisely? Perish the thought!

On Sundays San Francisco goes in its best clothes, and very fine ones they are, to Church, Meeting-House, and Hall. There is a forcibleness of church-going as of everything else here. Two or three preachers attract large crowds, by reason of a reputation for eloquence and originality, but the temples wherein pions commonplaces echo are by no means given over to the bats and owls. There are, indeed, many more women and children than men in the congre gations. That doubt which seems to prevail in all cities among the more thoughtful and speculative of the latter, as to whether, just church-going is the answer to the spirit crying out for guidance, the feeling that the Gospel according to To-day, and not the Gospel according to an Oriental Yesterday two thousand years old, is the essential Gospel, and is not likely to be preached from any pulpit within their radius, seems to withhold many men from Sunday services here, as well as in Boston, or New-York, or Cincinnati. It is just possible, also, that a preference for a nap on a couch over a nap in a pew, and the indifference to religious forms which always possesses a pioneer community, may have something to do with the disproportioned absence of the Reasoning Sex. I doubt whether California will settle what to-day's expression of worship and faith must be to command the hearts of men, but it seems likely enough that she may very distinctly declare what it must not be, by blowing away the sham thing

with energetic breath. Some of us heard the Gospel according to To-day in the beautiful room where Starr King used to preach -"The Kingdom of heaven is within you." There was noble music and there was the simple and earnest sermon of Mr. Stebbins, and there was the solemn mystery of the silence of a great throng. But if there had been no anthem, and no sermon, and no congregation, the room would have been filled with a gracious presence, and in the hush and vastness we should more sweetly have satisfied our souls with the evangel-the assurance that a noble and fruitful life early spent in the service of Humanity, which is the highest service of the Divine is immortal here, among us, in imperishable power and beauty. The greatest work of Starr King's belpful life was his molding and leading the public ppinion that saved California to the Union, and so made possible, under these favoring skies, a finer civility than we have anywhere attained. We at the East, loval by the force of geography as well as by the force of ideas, hardly realized how Texas and Missouri fought with Maine and Michigan here on the soil,-all dwellers on the soil,-for possession. Then it was that the Preacher, all aflame, burned up in the white heat of his convictions, public doubt, half-heartedness, and treason, and with his clear words showed honor honorable. So I think it is fit that we should remember

sentimental spirit to find little trace of the Spanish succession except dirt. There is a Plaza, to be sure, in town, and two miles south is the long, low building, warm and picturesque with red-tiled roof and

narrow windows and walls of sun-burned brick, which was the Mission Dolores (I wonder what lovely legend is in the name) with its Chapel ever so old. But there is a lager beer shop, or some practical industry of that sort, in actual possession, I think, and the open ground thereabout is fast covering with right-angled blocks, and a rank growth of that square, two-storied, Mansard-roofed ugliness called

But one treasure of the past California has kept as the apple of her eye, and that is the soft, lisping Spanish geographical names. I do not believe there is a county in the State which has not the dowry of a gracious name. I know only two of them-San Francisco is one, and I have forgotten the other-but that knowledge encourages me to this cheerful faith. Think of having such streets in one's own town as Sacramento, and Vallejo (pronounced with lingering vowels, Val-lae-yo), and Santa Clara, and Calaveras, and Yerba Buena. To be sure, one is confronted with Davis, and Bush, and Folsom, also, but one is upborne by both remembrance and hope of happier things; and even they are made tolerable by the thought of the 7062-st or the 1,001-st (in memory of the gentle Scheherezade) to which we shall undoubtedly come, in the poverty and practicality of our system of nomenclature, as population increases on the island of Manhattan. And though we did encounter, in the country, Roberts's and Hardin's and Gomers's, they were so much less appalling than Robertsville or Gomersville to him who has faith in the finer instincts of his kind, beside that they were made up to us by Tuolomne and Mariposa and

It is more unchristian to call a town Larkinsville than to call a child Zurishaddai. There are not six men in a generation for whom a town may be named. Unless Larkin is many-sided, hospitable, capable of infinite growth, of unnumbered activities, unless he develops ever more beautiful results, unless there are broad avenues leading to temples in his soul, and straight ways to libraries, museums, schools, and gymnasiums in his brain, he has no business to impress his image and superscription on an embryo which should possess the germs of all this completeness. And if he have these gifts he will have modesty beside, and never dream of doing it. Alexandria and Rome are well enough now, because they are stately and grand, and have history in their fine sound. But if I had been a cotemporary philosopher, I would have fought upon the theme until my eyelids had no longer wagged, before the names of two filibusters had been bequeathed to posterity with my consent as the best legacy of the time. [The complete and irremediable balefulness of the transgression can be understood, however, only when it is known that there are nine "thriving post villages" in the United States called Rome, and Itwelve hight Alexandria!!] And alas! not Larkin, nor Brown, nor Hicks, nor Gomers will ever dream of going to untamed Nature for the hard nurture that makes men fit to be founders of a strong race or mighty city, nor even sight for new worlds to conquer, nor indeed prove title to the one he was born in by any deed of valor or sublime using of the common To-day. While I have breath to speak will I declaim against this ville-ifying of places which is losing us all the poetry out of our great topography. And, if a grateful nation wishes to build me a monument when I am no longer its ægis and palladium, and adorns the capital of its youngest State with my name,-why, what would be more fit and proper? Yes, my Country,

thou hast wrung from me my slow leave! And now that I have talked away Sunday, it is Monday, or any secular day that may be preferred. For we go to the Cliff House to breakfast, and to ride thither on Sunday were to be condemned by public opinion, into everlasting redemption. Vaguely, as in a dream, do I struggle with the recollection that somewhere, at some time, by somebody, something has been written about the | the Cliff House, and the Seals and Strawberries-allthe-year-round. But certain themes have an immor-Webster's Unabridged, and my cousin Mrs. Grundy's observations, with other family atterances. Besides, I have prepared a very fine sentence on the Wonders of the Animal Kingdom, and I can't think how to use it if I forego this chance. I shall overtake it duly by the Homeric method, which, if you have business at the next tent, leads you there by way of the whole sea-coast, with the detour of a land journey whenever a harbor occurs, so that you arrive quite out of breath and a little dazed with the grandeur of things in general, and so prepared to accept without question the heroic or tragic quality of that thing in particular which you are about to be called upon to admire.

As we left the door of the hotel at 9 o'clock on a dazzling morning, in four-in-hands-(O, I do assure you we make nothing of four-in-hands now. Whenever we mount one we put on, as nearly as we can assume it, that look of languid misery which in Central Park or at the Races the lucky dogs of owners always wear, as inseparable an element of the glory of the establishment, it appears, as the buttony tails of the liveries nailed over the edge of the back seat, or the spots of the hound between the wheels)-I repeat, in four-in-hands, phaetons, char-a-bancs, and buggies, and twelve of us mounted on gallant steeds, we looked, perhaps, more like the Egyptians approaching the Red Sea, or like the Assyrian coming down like a wolf on the fold, or like the two armies at the Field of the Cloth of Gold than like any pageant of the present century. The chariots rolled gayly on, but the horsemen came to mortification by reason of one of the steeds insisting on lying down on the sidewalk opce in five minutes, and rubbing along on his back, his legs waving wildly but weakly in air the while. He made better time in that attitude than one would have thought possible, but his rider complained of not having room enough. So we all took turns in rolling over the obnoxious quadruped, who looked like a centiped while he was kicking, and standing him up again. Poor thing! I suppose he was a reptile in his last "spire of form," being young, was not yet really acquainted

the high rocks with a boisterous pleasure. The foreground-a more desired prospect to the general-is a straggling, ugly building expectant of many breakfast parties, whose appanage of sheds has room for all the king's horses and all the king's men. Most of them seemed to have arrived before us, and when Elizabeth's train dismounted and swept through the parlors (the Court advances or glides or sweeps, but doesn't walk), it found a very esplanade of a verandah at the back as large as the platform of King Hamlet's castle at Elsinore, crowded with people.

The exercises pertaining to this solemnity of the Cliff House consist in sitting on this verandah to look at the seals till breakfast is ready, eating this breakfast as if it were the last earthly symposium, and tearing back to town immediately after as fast as steed can take you. So we sat down duly. A hundred yards out to sea rises boldly and alone a broad, jagged, slippery, broken hump of dark rock, with a smaller hump or two reaching out like prongs. It looks as high as a sloop's mast, and thrice as wide as that sloop's hull, but I am proud of not knowing its cubic contents, because I have been told so often. The sea gives it no rest, but beats and beats against and booms in its clefts with a sound of terror. Lying on the ledges of this rock, struggling up the broken sides, lifting strange, hateful heads and flabby chests above the water, to flounder out on the shoulder of the rising wave, threatening each other in a horrible, short, inarticulate, barking speech, bask and complain the scalsthe sea lions as they are called. They are like huge mud turtles in the way their short, wide, ugly, cartilaginous paddles of legs are set on their big bodies. They are like cows in the lumbering awkwardness of their motion. They are like reptiles in their clinging and winding. They are like human idiots in the matching of their little slanting heads to their overgrown, under-organized bodies. They are like a coarser buffalo in their hairy hides when dry, and like a velvet otter in their shining fur when wet. They fight without dignity because they are so ignoble in motion and attitude. They play without gamesomeness be cause they are such loutish blubber and bulk. They laugh without mirth, and mean without pathos, and scream without energy. Even with their young their care and tenderness seem a dreadful travesty of a relation permitted only to higher orders. No living creature ever made me so wholly miserable as they did. They seemed to have tried in so many ways to be a success and to have so utterly failed in all. It was such a dreadful exhibition of arrested development. It was such a heartless ernelty on the part of Nature to put them in those bodies. She is pitiless enough to human creatures often, but I never knew before how sardonie her blackest mood can be If she meant to teach us how repulsive, if we could but see it, is an arrested moral development, what a deformity is the soul that fails to grow in all direc tions, it was not the less merciless to the wretched example. I suppose our failures are always needed by the better man who is to profit by them, whether he be our better self or a later comer. But O, the bitterness of the failures! Moral: Mantalini's: "Life is a demnition grind."

They say that these seals have beautiful eyes, I hope they have, poor things. In the tales of enchantment, it is always the beautiful eyes that reveal the wronged soul; and in the seals they no reveal the wronged soul; and in the sears they no doubt prophesy a bird-of-paradise existence in the next sphere—or, better still, a human. It is said, too, that they are wonderfully intelligent and cunning; but I hope they are not, because they must all then find out at some time how ugly they are, and bear a broken heart thenceforth till death heals it. The seal-world is a very fashionable circle, no doubt, as they reckon these things, for the creatures are so inane, and do the same thing over and over with such idiotic persistency. They flounder up their rock to inane, and do the same thing over and over with such idiotic persistency. They flounder up their rock to lie in the sun awhile and bark and quarrel, and when they are dry they lumber down again to pitch heavily into the sea on the crest of some incoming wave, and there they cat and swim and drift till they are minded to try the rock once more—and that is life, day in and day ont.

They are so depressing that breakfast is a most cheefful diversion. People are always very merry

cheerful diversion. People are always very merry over breakfast at the Chil House, and I dare say it is the reaction from the scals. Our table might have been transported bodily from Nevada, it was so like we had Strawberries-in-August offered with the air Apollo were when he passed the Muses honey from Hymettus. Then we rode home across the beach, the waves breaking over our horses' feet. This Pacific seems vaster than the Atlantic, somehow. It is oppressive—so illimitable, so eternal, that the petty things of Time about which one is engaged look trivial and incongruous, and since one must be concerned with Fall fashious and salads while in this tabernacle, the conflict is unpleasant. I suppose the feeling comes because the other shores of the Pacific are so shadowy to us. We know the very walking-suit and kitchen table that the Liverpool ma ron possesses, but the ways of Chicadado and Love's Young Dream in Loo Choo are less real than Puck's fantasies.

than Puck's fantasies.

Turning from the beach road and winding east, we came suddenly on the loveliest view of San Francisco I have seen. It was Bagdad of San Francisco I have seen. It was Bogdai again, or something finer; all light, and airiness, and grace; the Bay brilliant in the sun, and far-off bills so heavenly purple and tender and beckoning that not to go to them seemed an injury and moroseness. I wish I could hope to declare the supernal heauty of these verdureless hights. But our familiar speech is so saturated and colored with familiar experiences that it does not reflect these unique and unimagine scenes. Thus if I say "purple hills" you see that su perb and silent state in which the Catskills and Franconias and Alleghanies often sit arrayed. Bu I see a vail, a haze, nay, the very substance itself of the transfigured hights, of such a bloom and tender-ness and purity, of such a conscious but enharmed beauty, of such appealing and infantile softness that it has no like save in the light that never was on sea or land. We came back from the Cliff Honse with the ex-

pected feeling that the loss of its breakfasts would give California civilization pause, to hear that we sail for Oregon in two days. The intervening bours are a horror of packing and sight-seeing in which my views of California society, once, I flatter myself, extremely philosophic and valuable, become so confused that I postpone their consideration to a calmer

FAILURE OF THE MORMON CO-OPERATIVE MOVE-MENT-SECESSIONS AND ASSASSINATIONS.

SALT LAKE CITY, November 17 .- Brigham is oming involved in difficulties with the stockholders of the "Co-operative Association." A nominal dividence think it is fit that we should remember as should are street, as should remember and being young, was not yet really acquaint plant of the property of the country of the country first the foreward the season of the country for the foreward the season of the country of the cou some leading stockholders, who were very much dissatisfled with having received no returns upon their invest

little marticulate breath of delight, or breaking on FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE EVENTS OF TWO YEARS-LOBBIA'S CASE AND ITS WONDERS-BRIBERY AND COERCION OF WITNESSES BY THE GOVERNMENT-AN IN-FAMOUS TRIBUNAL.

IFROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.] FLORENCE, Nov. 3 .- Two years since, at the precise hour of noon, Garibaldi and his followers set out from Monterotondo to march on Tivoli, and were summoned to halt by the Chassepot rifles. Two years since! and the French are still at Rome, and Menabrea is still Prime Minister of the King of Italy. During this period, however, his Cabinet has been repeatedly modified. Mari, Gualterio, Provance, Cadorna, Broglio, Cicione, Cantelli, Pasini, De Filippo have successively abandoned or been abandoned by him, and now Luigi Ferraris and Michele Pironti have sent in their resignations and are replaced by Marquis Prudini and Commendatore Vigliani. The cause of Ferraris's retirement seems to be a general difference on all points from all his colleagues, whereas Judge Pironti has been by his colleagues expelled because his measures were seen to be too tremendous, not for their approval, but for the patience of the too patient country. Charity leads us to believe that the eight years passed in the prisons of Naples must have turned the man's brain, so preposterous are his actions as Minister of Grace and Justice. You will remember the removal of Nelli, the fiscal advocate of Florence, as soon as he came upon the traces of the assassin of Lobbia; the removal of all the judges of Milan because they found no cause to bring to trial the men arrested by the Minister's orders simply because they were obnoxions to him; the resignation of the fiscal advocate of Genoa after 40 years of service, on account of the reprimands addressed to him for finding no cause for procedure against Canzio Marto and Co. All these amenities occurred in the month of Septem-

Early in October, Car. Borgnini, Royal Procurator in Florence, also resigned, because, after a long and careful examination, he could find no cause to bring Deputies Cucchi and Lobbia to trial for the robbery of the famous letter from Brenna to Faculie, and for this failure was by the Minister Pironte requested to quit Florence and await another destination! Borgnini in Florence-precisely at the moment when the monstrous Lobbia trial was pending? Impossible! Some mere docile instrument must be found, so Cav. Niccola Cenni, Vice-President of the Correctional Tribunal of Florence, was promoted and entrusted with the unenviable task of proving that Lobbia was not attacked by an assassin, but that he himself inflicted on himself wounds in the head and arm in order to bring discredit on the Concortaria! Surely, had a man so sacrificed hunself for his party, he would merit a civic crown for the novelty of his patriotism; but Lobbia is not ambitious of said honors, and only awaits the opening of the Chambers to present himself to his colleagues, and obtain their consent to his trial. Pironti, in his madness, chose to pass over the inviolability of a Deputy, convinced his fellow-ministers that he had proofs of his erime, and they allowed him to proceed. But the general indignation that followed compelled them to sacrifice him; Pironti has fallen, and the Lobbia trial is proceeding in Lobbia's absence. On the 26th of October he presented himself in court with his famons advocates, Mancini and Carcassi, and said, "As a citizen and soldier I desire this trial; but there is a law above me, and this consecrates in my quality of Deputy the inviolability of my person. I stand here to invoke this prerogative, and to maintain that no trial can take place without the permission of the House." Mancini made an eloquent and convincing speech, but the tribunal, composed of friends of Pironti. declared themselves competent to judge a deputy without the consent of his colleagues, excepting when the House is in session. On this the counsel

for the defense, all Deputies, retired, and Lobbia reluctantly accompanied them; so now in the absence of the culprit in chief, his supposed accomplices, Prof. Martinati, Caregnato, Novelli and Benelli, are undergoing their trial. The crown has summoned 135 witnesses, to prove what ! That they were i the neighborhood of Martinati's house; that they heard shots fired, but saw no assassio. The judge who interrogated the witnesses privately, made a great point with them all to declare that they saw Lobbia take off his hat and throw it on the ground; but they seem to have forgotten their lesson, and yesterday three witnesses summoned by the crown declared that agenis of the police had been to their houses to promise them money if they would say certain things, and that when, during the private interrogatory, they declared themselves ignorant of the circumstances which they were called upon to prove, Judge Londi menaced them with the caribiniere and with imprisonment, and on one of them asking, "How can I say that I saw such and such things when I was in bed ?" the Judge jumped up from his seat, crying: "In bed? I'll send you to bed with a mess of broth, the whole lot of you." Clearly, these witnesses for the crown are the true witnesses for the defense. Nevertheless, I should not be at all surprised in my next to register the condemnation of the accused, so utterly lost to all sense

of justice and honor, save the President and the members composing the tribunal. Yesterday the Public Minister took exception to certain words offensive to the Ente Gorcino. The counsel for the defense maintained that the person of the King alone is sacred; that the Ente Gorerno is composed of Ministers and Parliament, and that, under the constitutional regime, both may be censured and criticised at will. The Public Minister founded his objections on a certain article of the Tuscan code when Tuscany was governed by an absolute monarch. The Judges retired to consult, and on their return ordered the offensive words against the governing being to be omitted! Again, this morning, one of the witnesses for the crown was the ex-Questor of Florence, Berti. To all the questions in favor of the accusers he replied. but when questions were put to him by the accused or their advocates he intrenched himself behind his official position and declined to answer. At length, one of the accused, Benelli, requested the Questor to declare on what facts he had founded an unfavorable report against him. "I don't ask how he came by the facts nor who is his informant; I simply ask

crumble of itself; an unsuccessful revolt will prop it up for a time; leave Menabrea, Pironti and the Consortena to demolish the edifice with their own

PRUSSIA.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS OF BARON VON DER HEYDT'S RETIREMENT. IPROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

BERLIN, Nov., 1869.-I am now able to give you some additional authentic details concerning the retirement of Baron von der Heydt from the finance department. Every bill bearing his signature or likely to be traced to his authorship was sure to encounter violent opposition or at least strong prejudice in the Chambers on both sides. The Progressive party and those members of the National Liberal party that formerly belonged to the progressive party, bore him a grudge, it is said, from the time when in 1866 he managed to find the means for arming the country, which means had been obstinately refused by the Liberals. The landed gentry suspected him, the banker, of indifference, even hostility, to their interests. This state of things, well known to the King and the rest of the Ministry, could not escape the observation of Baron von der Heydt; he tendered his resignation. The King could only bring himself with difficulty to accept it, bearing as he did a grateful remembrance of past and important services. He yielded at last to political necessity, but did what he could to sweeten the cup, by addressing a very kind letter to Baron Ivon der Heydt and giving him the highest order of the kingdom, the Black Eagle. To form an impartial judgment of the man one thing should be observed: a Prussian Minister of Finances, in order to be equal to his task, has to combine two qualifications-he must be a banker and a well trained official: he must have seen a great deal of city business as well as red-tape. Highly qualified in the former respect, Baron von der Heydt seems not to have been so well prepared as to the latter to be equal to the task, unavoidable under present circumstances, of conceiving and propound-

latter to be equal to the task, unavoidable under present circumstances, of conceiving and propounding a thorough and comprehensive reform of the whole financial system.

The present Minister has many advantages over his predecesser. He is a Liberal, although very moderate; he proposes to extricate Prussia from her financial embarrassments by a well regulated system of reform instead of by additional taxation; he has for many years been closely connected with the administration of the Department, in this respect being not a whit behind Baron von der Heyt himself, while at the same time he appears to have greater power to judge of the expediency of measures to be adopted; besides, to all this he adds the weight of Count Bismarck's name, which in itself is sufficient to prevent such a defection of the Conservatives as ruined von der Heydt. Baron von der Heydt's administration of the finances for the last two years was nothing but'a series of blunders; moreover he had not tact enough to secure for himself a firm support in the Chambers, and while making himself a rival of Count Bismarck, he depended solely upon the King for his support. His failure was a great one, regretted by only one power which in the end was insufficient to sustain him.

A FRENCH CO-OPERATIVE KITCHEN. DINNER FOR SIXTEEN CENTS-THE CO-OPERA-

TIVE ELEMENTARY SOCIETY OF GRENOBLE-LIST OF PRICES-EXTRAORDINARY ECONOMY

VIENNE, France, Nov. 2.—I have taken special pains see the celebrated Cooperative Kitchen, at Grenoble, the chief city of the Department of Isère, in France, because in its singular success there are elements developed which are full of wholesome meaning, touching the art of economy. I have, for 16 cents, enjoyed a complete dinner after the French style, including a rich maccaroni soup and wine, a plate of meats, vegetables, dessert, and bread. The Society furnishes hundreds of such repasts daily at 16 cents to workingmen and women, to business agents, architects, artists, ecclesiastics, professors, retired military officers, proprietors in easy circumstances, and students. Large numbers of housekeepers, not wishing to come to the refectories of the Society, send their checks and waiters for the delicions steaming dishes of this great family kitchen, and partake of them in their own apartments, instead of performing themselves the drudgery of small-scale cooking. The price of a full quart of soup, unstinted measure, is two cents. One can have it of bread, of maccaroni, of vermicelli, r of legumes, at his choice. They are all richly seasoned with butter of the best quality, and the price is invariable. To get this luxury, the visitor, on entering the inclosure, which is a species of ornamental garden adorned with flower-borders, has only to step up to a quicket and ask for it, accompanying the lemand with a payment of two cents. For this, he receives a copper check, stamped on one side with the arms of Grenoble in a wreath, and on the other with the name of the dish desired. With this, he applies at the office of the chief cook's clerk, where he is instantly sapplied, unless the crowd causes a delay. A dish of meat, whether of beef, veal, pork, or lish, is four cents; a quart of wine, pure and long kept in the Society's spacious cellars, costs eight cents; bread is three cents a pound. The average wholesale price for beef is 11 cents \$\frac{1}{2}\$ bt; veal the same; maccaroni, 46 fr. the 200 bt; beans, 36 fr.; wheat, 45 fr.; rice, 35 fr.; salt, 8 fr.; potatoes, 6 fr. The average price of butter is 20 cts. \$\frac{1}{2}\$ bt. Coal, the chief fuel, is 50 cents \$\frac{1}{2}\$ 200 bt. Pork, 15 cents \$\frac{1}{2}\$ bt. Cheese, 30 cents \$\frac{1}{2}\$ bt, and eggs \$\frac{1}{2}\$ 20 the 100. These figures are exact: the money paid and received being always of one kind, i. c., gold.

Now if we look over the lists of farmers' produce at wholesale prices, and compare them with the above, we find that in the first cost of kitchen indispensables there exists no very great difference between receives a copper check, stamped on one side with

there exists no very great difference between France and the United States. Turning to the same articles prepared for the table, we see in every corner where life palpitates a wretched contrast to these two lists of figures. Between producer and consumer there are nearly as many intermediary he supported as there are persons to be supplied. These create nothing themselves, and therefore must be supported by an augmentation in the price of the articles in which they deal; and this traffic becomes articles in which they deal; and this traffic becomes a monopoly by the stupid consent of the public. But, in the system practiced by the Coöperative Kitchen, there is no such thing as monopoly, no alliance of persons for a selfish interest, because every one engaged in this market—and it is a market—is not only a buyer and seller, but a producer. It is, in every sense of the term, a business house, a manufactory, wherein every one engaged, from the buyer to the cook, is busy in creating that for which the article of association produces an invariable demand, and the salaries of employés is simply an exchange of product for product. Such are the equitable principles upon which this excelis simply an exchange of product for product. Such are the equitable principles upon which this excellent institution are formed; and I hasten to mention some of its results. But first it is necessary to give an idea of the internal arrangement of the kitchen itself. In the middle of a large room, on the ground floor of a building, or square of buildings, which occupy, inclusive of a handsome court inclosed within, an area of about a quarter of an acre, are ranged the great furnaces and ketan acre, are ranged the great furnaces and ket-tles of the culinary department. All these kettles, from that which contains 250 quarts to the smallest frying-pan, are made of malleable copper. They vary in size by regular gradations, and number seventeen. The furnace is situated exactly in the cen-ter of the room, and has the form of a parallelogram, being 6 feet wide, 12 feet long, and 2 feet 6 inches in hight. It is of east iron, lined inside with fire-proof hight. It is of east iron, lined inside with fire-proof tiles. On the top, ten round apertures, variable in size, in each end, are the fire-places, with their rows size, in each end, are the fire-places, with their rows of return flues, arranged so as to supply heat to the two large ovens, as also to the upper surface. No smoke-chimneys are in sight, and the whole thing, seen at a distance, might be mistaken for a huge box. Around this heater may be seen six cooks, three waiters, and an elderly matron who prepares the fruits. Adjoining this room, on all sides except that of the court, are the refectories, or eating-rooms; one of which is large enough for 900 persons. Another and more neatly decorated hall is reserved exclusively for women. The largest room is, however, fluely ornadecorated hall is reserved exclusively for women. The largest room is, however, fluely ornamented with a beautiful fountain at one end, and pictures and motioes round the sides.

The number of regular dishes prepared here is six; but all of these are very variable and always to the taste and order of the applicant. These range in price from one to four cents each, prices invariable. taste and order of the applicant. These range in price from one to four cents each, prices invariable, although I suppose, for convenience sake, the American money to be without discount. A plate of poat, whether of beef, pork, yeal, or fish, is four cents, and it is sure to weign 150 grains. These dishes are represented by a copper check, of which there is sold a full average of 3,500 per day, amounting only to two cents each on an average, or 350 francs, which constitutes the daily business of the Society. The number of rations montialy distributed is thus 108,500, making 38,170 full dinners, as they are called, although eight cents is sufficient for an ordinary meal, and six cents is about the average paid three times a day by regular customers.

FINE ARTS.

[Third Article]

THIRD WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE ACADEMY.

The unamiable critic inspecting the art on the walls of the Academy, forgetting what these paintings mean to the men and women who executed them, for getting that artists have put their life into this canvas and have done their best for beauty, fame, and bread may find plentiful occasion to indulge his satirical temper. Even the amlable critic, remembering what the other forgets, and wishing to do justice to the work before him, must draw on his forbearance. He enters the West Room, turns immediately to the left on entering, and begins. "Low Tide," by Winslow Homer, first attracts notice. Conspicuous in the foreground are several pairs of boots painted to the life. The owners, not so very much taller than the boots, are dabbling in the water a few rods off, apparently. There is no sense of distance to justify the smallness of the figures or the unwaterishness of the waves. Nothing but an evident honesty of intention-a purpose to paint just what the eye saw, neither more por less-saves the painting from being slightly Indicrous. This does. The

picture has the merit of sincerity. "The Romance," by

l'aggart, has charm of expression, but is defective in

finish. The portrait of Dr. Hodge is an excellent like-

ness, but, like most portraits, looks as if it had only a thin surface of paint. Miss Kollock's "Sunset" is pleasing. Miss Granberry's "November" does not justify the fine pencil that is seen everywhere in the flower and fruit pieces that are the gems of the collection. The eye always rests with satisfaction on these. We are happy to see Mr. O. J. Lay, a painstaking artist-emerging from the glooms of a dismal fancy into something like legitimate art, in the head of a little girl. It gives promise of better work to come. Passing by a number of pieces which lawaken no special emotion, we reach Mr. Irv-ing's "Group of Children," It has a taking air of naturalness, is carefully painted, and is one of the best figurepieces in the gallery. Two landscapes by George Inness are attractive on account of a breezy tone in the one and aideep glow of light in the other. Both have genuine celling in them, to give them character, though these are not by any means his best. "Iris" represents a dainty lady trying to paint a rainbow, but afraid, it would seem, of getting some of the paint on her dress, having more of the rainbow about herself than is consistent with close devotion to work. "Easter Offerings" is a remarkably fair and buxom lady in ecclesiastical attire, offering a dainty piece of flesh across a priedlen. The "Deer's by Beard, awakens agreeable emotions; not merely because it is exceedingly well painted, but because it holds out a hope that the artist has been converted from bears to something better, and has ceased working, for a time at least, his unpleasant vein of grotesque bumor. Leaving the room and crossing to the opposite gallery, we turn again to the left. Another expressive picture by Inness. A " Family Group," by Henry Inman, of a style common in the last

generation, and interesting as an example of the method

of landscape painting before our new American school

came in. "Wandering Thoughts" is by George Bough-

ton. It is beautifully executed, like all his works, remarkable for simplicity of treatment and that purity of expression which gives an appearance of translucency to his faces and figures. By the side of the Edouard Frere that hangs near it, the transfigured look of Boughton's meditating damsel, together with the excessive neatness of all her accessories, seems prim, a trifle overdone, perhaps; but the picture excels where most of our figure-painters fail, in the elaborateness of detail. Eastman Johnson has a wee bit of canvas presenting a little girl, sitting on a big sofa-one of her feet in a wooden shoe-and porting over a book of prints. . It is painted as Johnson always paints, faithfully and feelingly, and though a trifle, is a dainty one. Le Clear's two portraits have the merit of being good likenesses, but they do not livet or hold attention; you see all there is at a giance, and turn away disappointed that you are not better satisfied. It is as if the artist saw no more in the face of his subject than ordinary men may see in passing; and that is not enough. Every face has more in it than the casual acquaintance perceives, and what this is we expect the artist to discover and interpret. We ask him for the character, not the mood. There should be more portraits in the Academy that show hard study, insight, psychological perception, the sympathetic com prehension of a mind. It is not a flattered portrait of our friend that we want; neither is it a portrait which, without being flattered, makes our friend look his best. We do not want to see our friend as the droppers in at his office or his shop see him, or as we see him in some passing mood, with face bearing a usual expression. The artist should be an interpreter; a seer in his

way. If he paints a rock or a tree, he should tell us

scape he should reveal a beauty in it which the hasty

observer cannot detect without his aid. Still more, when

he portrays a human countenance, he should be able

to search the man's character, bring the soul to the face,

make the features tell what is within, so that even they

who are most familiar with them are made acquainted

with something there they had never apprehended, some-

thing that comes out as they gaze, and discloses their friend to their own hearts. It is a fault in any portrait that the resemblance is seen at once by everybody. The best portraits require time and study to reveal their excellence. They disappoint at first. They grow upon us as we grow. They suggest many things to the mind. They are companions for many years, permanent possessions prized by generations of men. Work like this is not to be done lightly. It is so serious, in fact it involves such fine qualities of intellect, such trained power of manipulation, that the pretty pictures we see of ladies and gentlemen dressed up like dolls for show, made to look their handsomest, smiling and simpering, or staring and scowling, vex our patience more than any other bad species of art. An inexpressive landscape can be borne with, if it literally represents material forms. An uninter ill-arranged figure-piece can be tolerated, if the drawing and color are good; but

a reflection on human worth. It is worse than an opportunity neglected: it is an opportunity abused. But to continue our survey. Often, we must presume such a Morning Light as Mr. Shattuck has painted floods the earth at the opening of some hot August day, making the water glow like molten gold, the hills resolve themselves into masses of amber cloud, the ships gleam like luminous phantoms, the spires shoot up like tongues of flame; but to paint it is an enterprise almost too audacious. To those unfamiliar with such a scene it will look unreal and overstated. To those familiar with it, it ap. pears deficient in glare and heat. The master does not live among us who can paint on canvass a world floating in light, a world in flame as it is on a gorgeous Summer

an insipid portrait of man or woman, an unmearing,

shallow, pretentious picture of a human countenauce, is

in light, a world in flame as it is on a gorgeous Summer morejag.

Nothing else in the gallery requires special notice. Huntington's "Juliet" is marked by no traces of originality in conception or execution. It tells no story, and suggests none. "To the Front" is spirited, and would be good, but for the shapelessness of the most conspicuous of the horses, whose hind feet, refusing to follow the fore feet, seem to be dragging out the poor beast's body to an inordinate length.

On the whole, to speak our candid opinion, it would be wiser for the artists to keep the Academy closed than to open it for the display of such paintings as now hang on its walls. They cannot but give to strangers an unfavorable idea of art in America: they provoke remarks on the industry, talent, and resources of artists that are neither generous nor just; they call attention to the mannerism, the immaturity, the sentimentalism that ought to be concealed as much as possible; they put visitors upon trains of speculation in regard to the future of art in the country, that are anything but encouraging. The Academicians will not like the suggestion, but it may be a good one nevertheless, to allow their gaheries to be occupied during the Winter by the best specimens of foreign art that can be procured, in order that the public may have an opportunity of judging its quality, and in order that the artists may be able to show at their Spring exhibition how much better the American can pain than the Englishman or the Frenchman; at least, now well he deserves in comparison with either. Let our artists reserve all their forces for one grand amount demonstration, and, in the meanwhile, prepare the community to appreciate the results of their issor. The stimus that the foreign art would give to public taste as well as to individual endeavor might prove more advantageous than the monopoly secured by the exclusion of foreign paintings, for the display and sale of very indifferent work.

The eeflection of sculptures at present on exhibition at the academ

of foreign paintings, for the display and sale of very indifferent work.

The cellection of sculptures at present on exhibition at the academy is, if possible, more discouraging than the array of pictures. With the single exception of Powers's bust of Dr. Bellows, which can scarcely be called a pice of native workmanship, and which, though delicate, is by no means great, there is nothing by one of our own men that can claim a mention. Dr. Kimzsley's head of the Saviour owes a kind of dignity to its colossal size and its balanced proportions, but the countenance is conventional in feature and expression, and there is absolutely no modelling. The markel's as smooth as the top of a table. The statue of Eve leftes nothing in the way of insidility to be desired. The phaster cast of the Republic would surpass it if it were possible. It was cruci to place such things in a room that contains even the broken, time-worn, shattered reminiscences of the sculpture on the Parthenon. Could we only be sure that the distant fature would dwarf the present as completely as the distant past does! Well, perhaps it will. The Spring of 1870 will tell what new promise may be in store for us